O, the Diuell take ſuch cooſeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I haue done yfaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written bee aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate, wel-belou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow* the Lord *Scroope*:
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtaies but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: vpon my life it will doe well.
Nor. Before the game's afoote thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aymd.
Wor. And tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeed,
To ſaue our heads, by raiſing of a Head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The King will alwaies thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Hot. He does, he does; wee
Wor. Cooſin, farewell. No f
Then I by Letters ſhall direct
When time is ripe, which will
Ile ſteale to *Glendower*, and lo
Where you and *Dowglas*, and
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happi
To beare our fortunes in our
Which now we hold at much
Nor. Farewell good broth
Hot. Vncle, adue: O let th
Till Fields, & Blowes, & Gro
Enter a Carrier with a
1. *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be no
Charles-waine is ouer the new
packt. What *Oſtler*?
Oſt. Anon, anon.
1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat
the point, poore iade is wrun
Enter anoth
2 *Car.* Peaſe and Beanes
that is the next way to giue p
is turned vpſide downe ſinc
1. *Car.* Poore fellow neu
roſe, it was the death of him.
2. *Car.* I thinke this to b
London road for Fleas, I am
1. *Car.* Like a Tench? b
chriſten, cold be better bit,
2. *Car.* Why, you will al
wee leake in your Chimney
Fleas like a Loach.
1. *Car.* What *Oſtler*, con
2. *Car.* I haue a Gammo
ger, to be deliuered as farre
1. *Car.* Gods body the T
ued: what *Oſtler*? a plague
thy head? canſt not heare,

C

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